

# **INFERNO!**

**TALES OF FANTASY & ADVENTURE**



**Issue Zero**



The first page of this preview shows an extract from the splendid Issue 1 cover painting by Kevin Walker.

# INFERNO!

IN CASE YOU hadn't noticed, you've just turned over a White Dwarf page the like of which has never been seen before. The next fourteen pages make up an extra-special White Dwarf feature: an exclusive Issue Zero of Inferno!

It heralds the arrival of a whole new part of the Games Workshop hobby. For years, we have all known that Warhammer short stories, technical manuals, comic strips and so on would be brilliant, if only we could get them right. So far, we have been so busy designing new models and games, opening stores, getting White Dwarf right, sorting out Games Day (I could go on, it's a very long list, and we have been very busy) that none of these exciting things have happened. Not exactly the way we

wanted them, anyway, and as you know by now, we are sticklers for detail.

Enter *Inferno!*

There are no rules in Inferno! No, literally, there are no rules...

Inferno! is going to be a 68-page book, slightly smaller than our army books (mostly so I don't get confused) and packed with stories from the worlds of Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000. Stories about mighty heroes, impossible adventures, historical events, important places, fabulous myths, famous battles, powerful objects, mystical artifacts and anything else exciting which comes to mind. Also, by 'stories', I don't just mean words on a page – a tale can be told by a comic strip, a series of maps and charts, or even by a single illustration. In Inferno!, we use all of these forms to bring our worlds to life.

Anyway, I could go on at great length in an attempt to explain all about Inferno!, but it's far easier to show you some examples of the sorts of features you can expect in the first issue proper. Everything on the next few pages has been specially commissioned for this preview issue, so it's not even as though I'm being a cheapskate and shamelessly extracting chunks of issue 1 for a quick plug!

So welcome to a special White Dwarf preview issue of Inferno! Issue 1 will be in the shops very soon.



  
Andy Jones  
Supreme Commander,  
Inferno!



WHAT IS THE TERROR OF  
DEATH?

*That we die our  
work incomplete!*

WHAT IS THE JOY  
OF LIFE?

*To die  
knowing  
our task  
is done!*

Logan Lubera and the chaps at Frozen Ink studios in Canada have created an amazing nine-page Dark Angels comic strip for issue 1 of Inferno!

Captain Morgan (illustrated) leads the Dark Angels on a lightning-strike into the bowels of a space hulk. This behemoth lies poised to hurl itself back into the cold void of the warp at any moment! As if imminent death in warp space were not enough, the Dark Angels have the added "inconvenience" of an Inquisitorial presence — not to mention the horrors which lurk in the darkness of the hulk itself.

**THE TERROR OF  
DEATH, FEATURING  
CAPTAIN MORGAN OF THE  
DARK ANGELS, STARTS IN  
ISSUE 1 OF INFERNO!**





# \* Most Wanted \*



## King Hibited of the Flayed Dog, Western Chapter

Reward 1,000 guilder credits Dead

25 per cent bonus for Recoverable Body Parts

**DO NOT ATTEMPT TO TAKE ALIVE**

Noble Lords of Ulanti and the House of Iron do herewith Underwrite this blood price

Let it be known that King Hibited has Destroyed or Acquired over 15,000 guilder credits from Trade Convoys passing through the western effluvial sea. Trade routes from Primus to Monolium hives are closed while the Situation is resolved

Death toll to date: 430, of which 6 can be attributed to driver error



Jonathan has written short stories for a number of our army books and codices, including Warhammer Armies Wood Elves, as well as several White Dwarf articles. We were so impressed by Salvation, the Warhammer 40,000 story he wrote for issue 1, that we just had to get him to write something for this preview.

**INFERNO!**

# THE HOUNDS OF WINTER

By Jonathan Green

**R**UNNING, HE HAD to keep running. The snow flew up in flurries around his feet as the peasant raced on through the night. The biting cold forgotten and the bundle of firewood he had been carrying now discarded, his only thoughts were of the hounds baying behind him. Above the choking, tearing rasp of his breath in his ice-seared throat, he could hear them panting and barking. Muffled by the snow and trees, their howls took on an echoing, almost ethereal quality. He dared not turn to snatch a fleeting glance of his pursuers for fear of what he might see if he did. He did not know what they were or where they came from, and he did not care. He only knew that he could not let them catch him.

Through the dark silhouettes of tall pines he saw the dim lantern light shining in the window of his hovel. Then his foot snagged in an exposed tree-root hidden under the snow. A searing pain blazed in his ankle and he fell. In panic, the man tried to scramble to his feet but as he did so his torn ankle all but screamed out in protest. Terror helping him to ignore the pain, he staggered on. With every limping step, shelter from the cruel winter night and the dark horrors it held came ever closer. Only another sixty yards and he would be safe. But with every desperate step the snarling of the hounds got nearer.

He had not realised how near until he was suddenly tugged backwards with a fierce jerk as the first of them sank its claws into the calf of his leg. Crying out, he landed spread-eagled in the freezing snow, the breath knocked out of him. The rest of the pack were upon him before he could spit the snow from his mouth to draw another frozen breath. In a few moments of snarling savagery it was over.

As quickly as they had fallen on the man, the hounds tossed the body aside and bounded off again into the night. The pack was closely followed by the masters of the hunt. Flaming hooves and iron-shod feet trampled the corpse into the hard ground, white turning to crimson with a hiss of steam as the man's hot blood soaked into the sullied snow.

The Hounds of Winter were abroad once more.



**W**ITH A CRASH, the inn door was flung open and a chill gust of wind drove the warmth from the room.

'Shut the door!' a gruff voice shouted from a table of hard-bitten adventuring types. Midwinter's Eve on the fringes of the Northern Wastes was as bitterly cold as any of the Weather Sages of Erengard could predict and outside was where the inn's clientele wanted it kept that night. With a resounding boom, the portal was sealed again by a second gust of wind and the air inside the snug was still once more.

Everything about the inn told its age. Huge oak beams the size of whole trees formed a bracing structure, which supported the centuries-old, filth-coated rafters; around the beams, walls thick enough to withstand a besieging army had been built. Something about the huge stones gave the impression that they had been here long before mortal men had decided to build an inn in this inhospitable place. The bar took up most of one wall and on the opposite side of the hall-like room a fire blazed in the vast

Jon is now working with Ralph "Steam Tank" Horsley on their latest fiendish Inferno! co-production, which I gather might be a 3-D cutaway of a Dwarf hold under siege...



stone fireplace. Between the bar and the fireplace were tables, benches and stools, most of which were occupied by a combination of local villagers, enjoying a warmer atmosphere than that which they could find at home, Kislevite soldiers having completed their patrols of these dangerous lands, and hired swords making the most of the money they had earned and always on the look-out to make some more.

'We haven't a moment to lose! Barricade the doors and windows! Arm yourselves!' the newcomer shouted above the hubbub.

Casually, with feigned disinterest, the party of adventurers seated in the centre of the bar turned to see who had disturbed their quiet drink in the warm. Standing just over the threshold was an old man, his age-lined face testimony to a life of hardship but also of great inner strength. A thick mane of white hair fell back from his forehead and his wide jaw was buried beneath a luxurious beard. He gripped a staff like a tree-branch in one great hand, and around his broad shoulders rested the hide of some unfortunate bear, its claws now pinned by a clasp about the stranger's neck.

'They're coming I tell you! We must prepare for battle!'

'Calm yourself, old man, calm yourself,' black-haired Torben Badenov said, rising from the table of adventurers, his huge frame blocking the old man's view of the fireplace. 'Why don't you have a drink and let us get on with ours?'

'There is no time for that! Do you not know what night it is?'

'Of course we do,' Torben retorted. 'Not all of us are suffering from dementia as yet. It's Midwinter's Eve.'

'But not just any Midwinter's Eve. Tonight is also the Conjunction of the Two Moons!'

Oran Scarfen, a gaunt, toothy warrior whose rodent-like features and spiky moustache almost belied any human heritage, turned and sneered in the vague direction of the newcomer. 'What's he ranting about now?'

'The Conjunction of the Two Moons only happens once every three hundred years –

when both Moon and Dark Moon are directly opposed to each other, on Midwinter's Eve, dead on midnight, their fell powers pulling equally upon this world.'

'So what does that have to do with us?' Torben asked flippantly.

'It is upon us tonight! Do you not know the legend?'

'What legend?'

'Oh,' the stranger wailed, despair cracking his voice. 'Too many have forgotten! Is it really so long?'

Torben strolled over to the bar and leaned back against it casually. 'Do you know this character?' he whispered through the side of his mouth to the rotund landlord, as the old man paced about the bar.

'I don't know his real name,' the chubby, red-faced barman replied as he tried to buff up a dull pewter tankard with a filthy rag, 'but everyone around here calls him Old Man Mountain. He's an odd fellow. He's been around for as long as anyone here can remember. People sometimes tell of seeing him striding through the snow-drifts up beyond the tree-line but they always steer clear of him. He's never actually come down into the village before, though – I'd be careful not to anger him if I were you,' the barman warned.

'Don't worry, he doesn't frighten me. I've dealt with his type before.'

In truth, Torben Badenov had indeed encountered many strange old men in his time as a mercenary on the borders of Kislev, and the obscure pronouncements of this addled mountain-dweller troubled him about as much as a Goblin did a Dragon. Yet despite the stranger's obvious great age, Torben noticed that there was a certain bearing about him. He held himself tall and proud, looking every bit a man of thought as well as action and Torben was sure that his great bear-skin cloak hid powerfully muscled arms.

Moving back to his table, Torben motioned to the enigmatic character with his tankard. 'Come then, tell us your story, old man. Make it a good one and we might just buy you a drink for your troubles.'



The stranger stopped pacing and turned his piercing amber eyes on the mercenary and his companions. 'We have little time, so listen well,' he said, coldly determined, 'and I will tell you of the Hounds of Winter.'

Oran Scarfen rose from his stool and swept his hand to it sarcastically, but the old man refused to sit and kept pacing with nervous energy.

'It was a night much like this, when people gather around their campfires to tell each other stories that make the blood run cold. It was a time when the tide of Chaos was rising in the land. It was Midwinter's Eve...'

'Get on with it. I thought time was short,' jeered Scarfen. All but the old man laughed.

'An Imperial patrol was escorting a wagon train from Talabheim to Kislev. Three days into the journey, a Chaos warband attacked!' The old man's earnest voice held the attention of the assembled warriors – perhaps this was to be a fine tale after all.

'Outnumbered, the patrol was routed. Many brave men were killed by Beastmen and Chaos warriors that night. The soldiers thought themselves all doomed.'

The old man paused, coughed to clear his throat and gestured for a tankard. Badenov passed over Scarfen's, stopping the latter's complaint with a wicked grin. The stranger sipped a few mouthfuls before continuing. 'Then, from out of the wilds came a being who seemed to be as much beast as man. He wielded deadly, sorcerous powers, and fought against the Chaos vermin. 'Twas a wizard, come to aid the soldiers in their fight.'

By now, Old Man Mountain had quite an audience, his story gripping even the most hard bitten adventurers in the bar. 'But the foul enemy was too strong, and in the end there was nothing for it but flight, to spread word of the coming of Chaos to Kislev and maybe the Empire beyond.'

'Hurry it along, old timer,' Oran interrupted. 'Cut to the chase.'

'Listen,' the old man reproached his heckler. 'Every detail is important. You must hear it all!'

'Very well, mountain man,' said Torben, ignoring his glare. 'Tell us everything, but get on with it!'

'The Winter King, Champion of Chaos, led this warband. His infamous acts of cruelty had carved him a reputation as bloody as his crimes.' He paused a moment. 'As the survivors of the wagon train fled from his clutches, the Winter King called on his dark gods for help, and from the red mist of battle his vile, Chaos-spawned powers shaped the dread forms of daemoniac hounds.' The old man sniffed the air dramatically. 'Picking up the scent of the fleeing survivors, the abhorrent beasts bounded off into the night in pursuit of their human prey.'

The old man shot his audience a glance to make sure that he now had their full attention. Satisfied that this was so, he went on.

'Though it appeared that the wild man's arrival had been a stroke of good fortune, this wizard had in fact been trailing the warband for some time. The Winter King had stolen a magical crown from an ancient burial mound, a crown imbued with the power to command the forces of Chaos. The wizard knew that if Khorne's Champion reached the Empire, he might unite the twisted creatures of the dark gods dwelling within the Forest of Shadows into an unstoppable army. The warband had to be stopped before it reached the Empire's gates!'

'Where did the survivors make their stand then?' Torben interrupted.

'I was just getting to that!' the old man snapped, taking a moment to compose himself again before resuming the story.

'The wizard led the few survivors to a circle of standing stones carved with powerful, ancient runes and sigils. By accident or design, it was a fitting place for their last stand. The brave soldiers fought beyond their measure, but died one by one, until only the wizard remained.'

'Even in death, however, their energies combined with the magic of the place to imbue him with a terrible power. With the roar of a beast, the wild sorcerer shed his last vestiges of humanity and took on the aspect of a mighty bear. Raging and



clawing, he drove off the servants of Chaos, though suffering terrible wounds himself.'

The old man's words were so vivid, and so heartfelt, that all who listened were held entranced.

'Trapped and beaten, The Winter King slunk away into the darkness to die, cursing the wizard. He vowed that though the wizard had won the battle, the war would continue in death and beyond. He would return...'

The old man looked up, his story done. 'That is the saga of the Winter King.'

A heady silence hung over the bar. At last Torben spoke: 'Well, you've earned your drink – that was quite some tale.'

'But it's not just a tale, it's real, I tell you! Now is the time! The moons are in conjunction and the battle will be fought again!'

A thunderclap shattered the night, shaking the inn and causing every lantern to flicker. Above the winter gale could be heard the savage baying of hounds. All eyes turned to face the stranger in disbelief.

'They're here,' he said.

Torben's hand moved instinctively to the hilt of his sword. As the inn's customers listened they could also make out the sound of harness jangling, the snorting of steeds and the clink of armour.

'It is time, old man!' came an icy voice from beyond the door, heavy with damned resignation and full of menace. 'Are you within?'

'I am!' the old man called back, his voice strong and unwavering.

'And are you ready to die again?'

'We will see.'

'Then prepare to defend yourself!'

An order was shouted – and it was as if all hell had been let loose. The first of the dogs assailed the inn, shutters splintering under their claws and muzzles as the monstrous creatures tried to batter their way inside.

'Now this is just too much!' Torben exclaimed, rising to his feet, sword already in his hand. 'One old lunatic I can just about stomach, but this is going too far. Are you with me, lads?' There was a growl

of agreement from the mercenary's companions and they jumped to their feet, weapons at the ready.

'Ah, at last. The brave warriors remember their part in all this,' the white-maned stranger said enigmatically. 'Together we will drive the evil from this place!'

Ignoring the old man, the mercenary adjusted his armoured jerkin and continued to urge his band of fighters on. 'Come on, lads! Let's give these deviants a taste of cold steel. That'll soon calm their appetite for destruction!'

By now the rest of the inn's customers were also preparing to fight – it was plain that their only chance of survival depended on it.

'Follow me!' the bear-cloaked stranger shouted above the blood-curdling howls of the hounds, the war-cries of Chaos Warriors and the braying of Beastmen. Flinging open the great oak door of the inn, the old man stood silhouetted for a moment in the flickering light of the torches carried by the warband, snow plastering to his hair and beard. 'Stay within the light cast by the inn!' he offered as a parting piece of advice, then leapt out into the night. The defenders followed unhesitatingly, as if the old man held greater sway over them than they realised.

Once outside the inn, it appeared to Torben as though all hell had broken loose. The great dogs that assailed them were no creatures born of the material plane but blood-red monsters with slaver jaws and scaly hides. The Flesh Hounds were possessed of an unbridled fury and hurled themselves at the humans, trying to clamp an arm or a leg in their teeth, to rend their victim limb from limb. Beyond the vanguard formed by the daemonic creatures pressed a rabble of brutish Beastmen and spike-armoured warriors, their faces hidden by huge, horned helmets.

As Torben fought on, swinging blow after powerful blow at the mutants and hounds about him, he could not help noticing that at the heart of the warband there fought others whose faces were visible and of a deathly pallor. At the back of the serried lines of mutants and



madmen, a shadowy, almost spectral figure appeared to be directing them all.

A spear glowing with orange flame streaked through the swirling snow, hurled by the old man. The missile exploded among a mass of Beastmen, the foul stench of scorched fur filling Torben's nostrils.

So the old man has some magic at his disposal too, Torben thought to himself. There was a lot more to him than first appeared.

Something else was happening too. As he fought, it felt to Torben as if his body was being invigorated by some renewing power that sent new strength surging through his arms and legs, stimulating muscles that should have become tired from the constant exertion and giving him the stamina to keep battling on. From the curious expression on the faces of his fellows the same thing was plainly happening to them as well.

Through the swirling storm, Morrslieb's light began to dim as the time of the Conjunction neared. Torben had lost track of how long the battle had been raging. The ragged collection of defenders were greatly outnumbered and although they fought with their vigour increased, they were horrified to see those that they struck down rise up again as shadowy wraiths and rejoin the fray.

The battle raged on, Torben fending off the blows of his enemies, his thrusts and parries given extra impetus thanks to the inexplicable invigorating energy affecting him. As he fought, he almost felt like some energy was guiding his hand. It was like no other conflict he had ever taken part in before, and there had been many. It seemed to the mercenary that he had fought this battle before, although not in this lifetime.

One by one, despite their efforts, Torben's companions were being struck down by these otherworldly Chaos fiends. Shooting anxious glances around him he saw their bodies lying motionless in the trampled snow – but there was no sign of any blood or wounds of any sort. With an abruptly silenced cry of surprise, Oran fell to a wraith's sword.

'Do not be concerned for your friends,' the white-haired wizard's reassuring tones came through the snow flurries. 'It is almost time. We must hold them but a little longer.'

The Chaos horde, and particularly their leader, appeared to be becoming more and more agitated at their failure to break through the defenders' line and assail the inn. The Beastmen and warriors were driven by some overwhelming need unknown to Torben and the others. Their shadowy leader screamed orders to the rabble, his desperation adding an intensity to their attack – and making the defenders' struggle to hold them off seem all the more important.

At last the heavenly bodies completed their movements and an all-encompassing darkness fell over the battlefield. Now the only illumination came from the horde's torches and the interior of the inn.

'Now it is time,' the old man hissed with satisfaction. 'Retreat into the inn!' At his command, the few survivors hurried back towards the welcoming glow of the great stone portal, dragging the chill bodies of their fallen comrades with them. As Torben dragged Oran's body over the threshold, he could see not a mark on him, and yet he had himself seen him struck down with a ghostly blade. When all were safely back inside, the door was barred and the defenders prepared to meet their end.

'Where's the old man?' Torben exclaimed suddenly, looking around.

'He must still be outside,' the landlord realised with horror. 'He'll never survive out there alone.'

'But will we survive in here together?' a haggard local lamented.

With a chilling clarity that cut through the howls of the Chaos hounds, the defenders heard the church bells start to chime midnight down in the valley. As the last chime tolled, the great roar of a raging beast drowned out the barking of the Flesh Hounds. Curiosity driving them, Torben and the others leapt to the shuttered windows and tried to peer through the cracks to see what was going on, but all was black as pitch. They could



see nothing, but they could certainly hear the slaughter that was taking place beyond the walls of the inn all too clearly.

The defenders remained transfixed, listening to the wailing of the Chaos horde, and were chilled to the marrow by the bellowing of the monster that had suddenly appeared amid the carnage.

At last the sounds died, the cries of those apparently still able to flee fading into the distance. Even then the humans did not dare move from the protection of the inn, for fear of what they might find outside.



**D**AWN CAME, AND with it the confidence to leave the inn.

Unbarring the great door, Torben cautiously ventured out into the crisp, cold morning.

The snowy ground was littered with the bodies of Flesh Hounds rapidly decaying in the grey light. Here and there lay the corpse of a Beastman or iron-clad warrior, but there were far too few to account for the sounds of slaughter that they had all heard at midnight. Of the bodies of the Chaos Lord and his awful retinue there was no sign. Neither was there any trace of the old stranger, dead or otherwise, or any monstrous beast.

Where had they all gone? Torben wondered. The old man could not have survived the onslaught of the entire warband and the midnight monster. He peered in alarm at a set of clawed, bear-like footprints that lead away through the snow towards the mountains. There were no matching prints leading towards the scene.

'Mercenary!' the landlord's bewildered, astonished voice called from inside the inn. 'Your companions are returning to life.'

Torben hurried back inside. On the floor where his body had been laid, Oran was sitting up, rubbing his head and looking around him dazedly. The others who had

also fallen to the wraith-like fiends were similarly stirring, as if waking from a deep sleep.

'How can this be?' Torben asked in amazement, kneeling down beside his friend. 'What happened to you?'

'When I was struck by the wraith it felt as if something chill and evil had struck me,' Oran said vaguely. 'I was consumed with the most agonising death throes which ill-matched the wound I thought I had received. It was as if I was reliving the heroic demise of someone else from another time. Then I blacked out.'

Torben stood up, rubbing his head with both hands, as if that would somehow help him to make sense of the night's bizarre events.

At last he spoke again: 'Ho, landlord, I think opening time has come early today. Crack open that cask of Bugman's XXXXXX I know you've been keeping back. I think we've all earned it!'

The mercenary looked back through the open doorway at the battlefield. What exactly had taken place during the Conjunction of the Two Moons? The sun had struggled through the snow-choked clouds, casting its wan light onto the portal. On one of the ancient cornerstones of the inn, it picked out a number of age-eroded markings etched into the stone. Stepping over to the threshold to take a closer look, Torben ran his fingers over the carved symbols.

The stone was huge, apparently set deep into the ground. Something told Torben that it had lain there a long time, longer even than this old inn had stood here. The building had no doubt been made from local stone; despite having borne the weathering of the elements for centuries the markings were plainly ancient symbols. The adventurer traced the shape of an arrow under the lichen. His curiosity satisfied, he gave a shrug and returned to the bar and the hopeful expectation of a quiet drink at last.

As the solid oak door closed behind him, the rusted inn-sign creaked in the breeze, its picture of a rampant bear almost faded now beyond all recognition. ●



## • SUBJECT

### THE FALL OF ANTIRRUM

Addenda to records F and G.

The following records remained unerased after the fall of the Voltschlag on Antirrum. Katallus, known as the Corpsemaker, escaped with his renegades, but of the turncoat planetary lord Galen there was no sign. Mayhap these excerpts shed light on the issue

— *Administratus Scribe Olon XXII*

## • ADDENDA F

*Archivist Note: Galen's Arcana was 90%+ incinerated on discovery.)*

21 15 900 / 0800

*Today I enter the lair of the beast. My stomach churns with fear. I must explain how goes the battle of Antirrum. What can I say? How will I further my cause? The risks are great, but the rewards...*

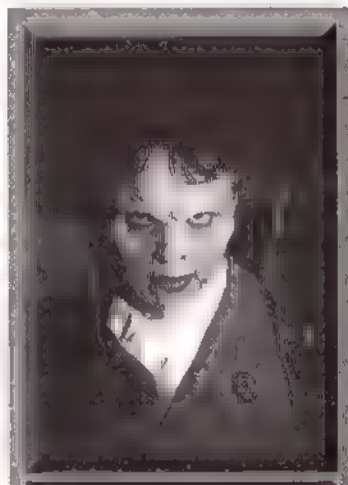
*The Space Wolves have a strong line of defence, Corpsemaker's reinforcements have not yet arrived from the Eye of Terror.*

*I cannot be blamed, he must surely see that!*

12 15 900 / 1200

*I live! Despite my dread, Katullus accepted my explanation! The fool! I was so sure that my death was drifting in the dust mites of the cathedral. Yet he spake to me with no trace of malice or threat.*

*My position is, I feel, bolstered.*



Planetary Lord Galen: Heretic

## • ADDENDA G

The Mouth of Katallus was all but dead when the Inquisition probed its twisted mind-book, but at least one partial record pertaining to this meeting was extracted:

*'I know that whatever the Space Wolves do is not due to the snivelling ambassador*

*However, once the battle is over and the bated humans destroyed, I WILL HAVE THE GALEN CREATURE'S HEAD SERVED ON A PLATE - I SAVOUR THE RICH TASTE EVEN NOW!'*



Chaos Lord Katallus, The Scourge of Antirrum



# Your Royal Highness

If it pleases your highness kindly review the notes of our chief engineer Leonardo of Maglio for a 'Steam tank'

I was told yesterday how the turtle can defend itself against even the most fearsome predator by withdrawing into its shell.

Such a defensive mechanism put me in mind of our own castles. The turtle of course can move freely - could we replicate this? I believe we can.

the steam boiler tank can already rotate a wheel into forward motion.

(head of problem of steam tank)

experiments with radius 1m provide the same conc. death by scalding. boiler cannot be enclosed with crew

do rats possess soul (heretic!)

piston on the boiler tank drives cog 'a' which rotates turning cog 'b' this is itself affixed to the crankshaft connected to wheel 'y'. 'y's rotation makes its own sequential shaft connected to the 'drive wheel' on the 'boiler tank'.

this is the growth pattern predictable k-m?

bolts iron plates secured together could shield the boiler.

frontal slits provide vision.

plates fixed at a slope would create an angle of deflection.

does deflection follow the rules for refraction?

this below would appear to be the most efficient boiler system.

excess steam safety valve

piston to drive cog

exhaust smoke chimney

furnace

when pipes in which it is converted to steam.

steering will be achieved by the action of a driving wheel affixed to a threaded screw shaft turning a series of cogs. these will adjust a trans-diametrical axis.

remind jaxson to machine discus to arm

what are the relational dynamics?

what are the relational dynamics?

what are the relational dynamics?

what are the relational dynamics?

what are the relational dynamics?

what are the relational dynamics?

what are the relational dynamics?

what are the relational dynamics?

what are the relational dynamics?

radius (r) force required

only when x is the opposing force.

x = 2.14 x 10^5

x = 2.14 x 10^5

x = 2.14 x 10^5

is there some new

that we could defend

the empire against

the goblin hordes?

are you

convinced

on this

idea?

power is mass = max weight?

power is mass = max weight?

power is mass = max weight?

power is mass = max weight?

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power is mass = max weight?



[illegible]

no need to calculate elevation vs range)

angle of elevation

the elevation of the muzzle can be modified by a pair of struts either side of the barrel. These extend into corresponding curved rails along which the struts can freely slide, then be secured by a peg.

$\frac{x}{y}$   
 (optimization)  
 $\frac{2+7}{9}$   
 (c)  $\frac{32}{2.00}$

recoil could threaten to crack plating unless minimized.

the common enemy  
the new weapon  
the design could  
work out this?  
artillery general of  
military engineers says  
this is impossible  
the fool!


If the barrel was split to create a new muzzle it then could be loaded from inside the vehicle.

try to release the general

When all the features are combined a completely new and awesome weapon will have been created. One that the empire's enemies will learn to fear!

the struts are secured with ball and socket joints. This allows rotation upon its axis.


side view



gum arsenic

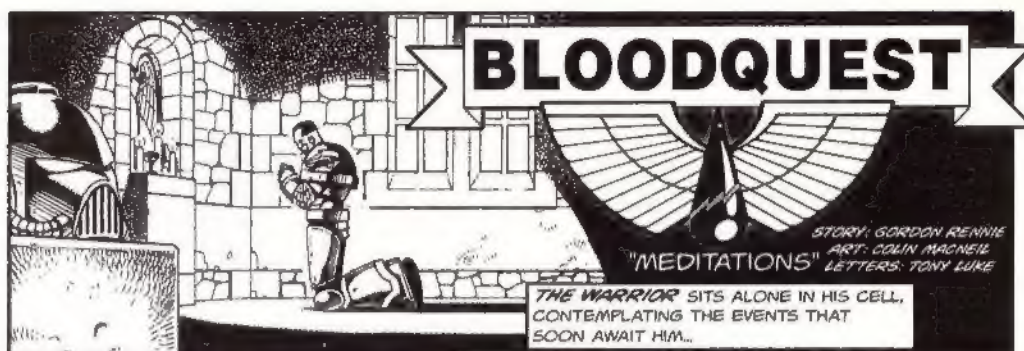


aging to  
protect recruit  
company



*Ralph Horsley from Leeds laboured long and hard getting this together, using reference material from the sketches of Leonardo da Vinci and the like. I expect that if you were handy with welding gear, you could use these diagrams to fabricate your very own steam tank – and the frightening thing is that it might just work! (This is not a challenge!)*





Colin MacNeil and Gordon Rennie are comic professionals of long standing. Hailing from way up north (over the border, in fact), Gordon has written a 12-page comic strip for issue 2 of *Inferno!* Entitled "Bloodquest", it tells a tale of honour and despair amongst the Blood Angels. Colin is drawing it even as you read this issue, but when we saw his initial concept sketches and Gordon's finished script, we liked "Bloodquest" so much that we badgered them into doing this special 2-page prologue.



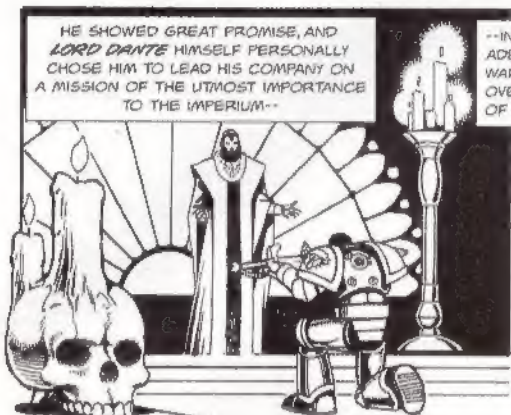


SINCE THAT TIME HE HAS FOUGHT  
A THOUSAND BATTLES ON A THOUSAND  
DIFFERENT WORLDS, PLEDGING HIS LIFE  
TO HIS EMPEROR AND HIS CHAPTER.



HIS BRAVERY AND ABILITIES  
WERE NOTED, AND HE QUICKLY  
ROSE THROUGH THE RANKS --

-- IN LESS THAN FIFTY YEARS  
HE WAS PROMOTED TO CAPTAIN  
AND COMMANDED A FULL COMPANY  
OF ONE HUNDRED SPACE MARINES.



HE SHOWED GREAT PROMISE, AND  
LORD DANTE HIMSELF PERSONALLY  
CHOSE HIM TO LEAD HIS COMPANY ON  
A MISSION OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE  
TO THE IMPERIUM--

--IN DEFENCE OF AN  
ADEPTUS ASTRONOMICUS  
WARP-STATION AGAINST AN  
OVERWHELMING FORCE  
OF ORK RAIDERS.



THE MISSION SUCCEEDED BUT  
AT A PRICE TOO HIGH FOR HIS  
CHAPTER TO BEAR.

WAITS FOR HIS  
TIME OF JUDGMENT  
TO COME.

NOW THE WARRIOR WAITS.

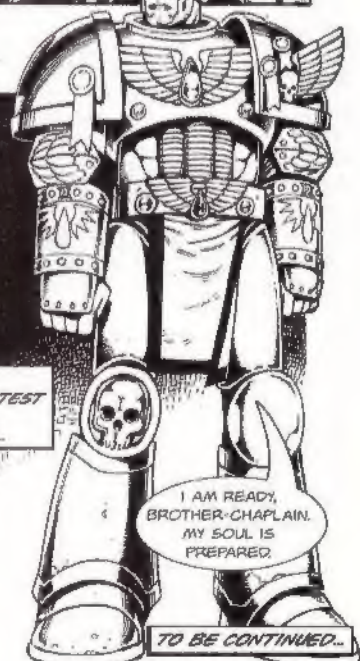


IT IS TIME,  
BROTHER-CAPTAIN.  
HAVE YOU MADE YOUR PEACE  
WITH YOUR EMPEROR AND  
OUR LORD SANGUINUS?

ALL HIS LIFE, HE HAS FOUGHT  
FOR WHAT HE BELIEVED IN --



NOW, THE  
GREATEST TEST  
OF ALL LIES  
BEFORE HIM...



I AM READY,  
BROTHER-CHAPLAIN.  
MY SOUL IS  
PREPARED.

TO BE CONTINUED...



## Coming in Issue One

### **The Mutant Master** by William King

'Gotrek frothed at the mouth and lashed out in a great figure of eight with his blood-stained axe. Nothing could stand in his way. With the chains still hanging from his wrists, he carved a path of red ruin through the howling mob.'

### **Salvation** by Jonathan Green

'Genestealers! Rius thought. His worst fears had been confirmed. Before he could train his weapon on the Tyranid construct and blow its vile carcass apart, the monster plunged a taloned claw through the back of Julius's armour.'

### **The Demon Bottle** by Alex Hammond

'...And there will be fire from the heavens and righteous bolt guns will quicken and purge even the deepest crevices of the underhive. All that is foul and pestilent will be washed away! For this is the teaching of House Cawdor of the Redemption.'

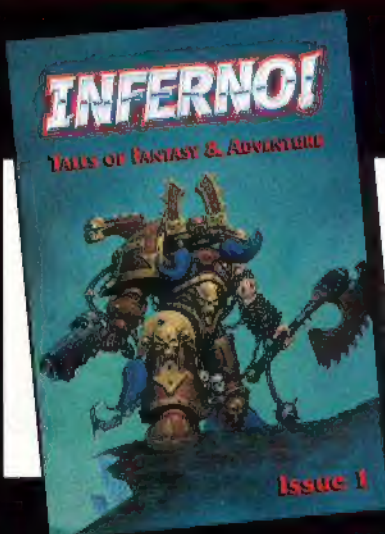
### **Grunsonn's Marauders** by Andy Jones

'The wizard gasped. Johan thought that they had been tumbled. But no, the wizard was enraptured by the burned and charred chicken leg that sat before him.'

### **Also featuring**

The Terror of Death, a nine-page Dark Angels comic by Logan Lubera; The Siege of Gisoreux, an incredible 3D map of The Siege of Gisoreux by Ralph Horsley, plus magnificent artwork from Kev Walker, Wayne England and David Pugh.

# INFERNO!



### **Look out for Issue 1. Coming soon!**

It's got all this stuff and more. If you like the idea of Warhammer action stories and comic strips, technical Warhammer 40,000 vehicle cutaways, photos of real Space Marines in action, campaign maps, 3-D cityscapes, detailed spaceships and loads of other brilliant stuff...

Then Inferno! is for you!

*Demand for issue 1 is bound to be high, but luckily you can advance order your copy from the Mail Order Trolls! See the Mail Order pages at the end of this issue for their phone number.*